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A SECOND COMPILATION

FROM

"THE TRINITY TABLET"

1868–1895

AND OTHER UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATIONS

EDITED BY

DEFOREST HICKS '96

HENRY RUTGERS REMSEN '98

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" Heureux qui dans ses vers sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère"

— BOILEAU

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TO

PROFESSOR W. R. MARTIN LL.B. PH.D.

AS A SLIGHT

RECOGNITION OF HIS INTEREST

IN THE LITERATURE OF THE COLLEGE

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

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THE kind reception given the former volume of Trinity Verse, and the excellent material which had appeared since its publication, suggested that a new collection might not only prove acceptable to those who were unable to procure copies of the former edition, but also be an addition to college literature. In compiling the present volume, the editors have not been restricted in their choice by the fact that the verse had appeared in the former one, but have tried to make the book thoroughly representative of the best effort of the College. Although among the new selections, which comprise more than half of this book, the greater part has appeared within the last five years, still not a few have been found in old files, which, omitted from the former edition, now appear for the first time. In presenting this book, the editors wish to thank not only the former compilers for their sanction of the undertaking, but also all those who by their kindly interest have in any way assisted them in their work.

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TRINITY VERSE

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TRINITY VERSE

AT THE SYMPHONY

I SIT and listen and love it all,
Here by the orchestra.
The violins, how they plead and call,
Taking the voice of her!

The brasses brave have a martial tone,
The cymbals clash in strife;
The grave bassoons half muse, half moan,
Chanting the deeps of life.

The 'cellos brood and the flutes rise clear
In a cry that soars and sings;
The rippling harps ensnare mine ear
With a vibrant rush of wings.

O sweet with words no lips may dare,
This speech of the orchestra!
And yet, that burst from the wood-wind there,
Was it weal or woe of her?

Richard Burton

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THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

A MAIDEN lived by the river side
Where the river meets the ocean's tide.
Oh, ferry me over the ferry.

She took my youthful heart in fee,
For she was fair as fair could be,
As she rowed across in her wherry.

Her hair was as bright as the waves of a rill
When the sun on the eve of his setting stands still,
Her lips were as red as a cherry.

A sea-king's daughter she might have been,
Or a maid of honor to ocean's queen,
To me she was tender and merry.

But the world's strong current casts aside
Young love, like drifts torn up by the tide,
And time all passions can bury.

. . . . . .

Though years have come and have gone again,
In my heart still echoes the old refrain:
"Oh, ferry me over the ferry!"

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AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

AY! Men were men in England's merry days!
What Christmas cheer there was when in the hall
Jest answered jest, while yeomen stout and tall
Bore in the Yule-log on the hearth to blaze,
And deep draughts drained the wassail bowl, which sprays
Of mistletoe and holly wreathed! For all
Was revelry, while, by the moon-lit wall,
Sweet carols rose of mingled love and praise.

And are we changed? Have we, then, lost that thrill
Of joy that touched men's hearts so long ago?
And has the world grown cold? Nay! For our pride,
Our selfishness, are only masks. Good-will
And Peace reign now as ever. Let us show
The Christian spirit then at Christmas-tide.

William French Collins

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THE SCULPTOR

LONG years the sculptor dreamed and wrought,
To realize in stone the thought
Of Christ the Saviour, blessed Lord,
The hope of man, the Incarnate Word.
His hand was skilled; men said that he
Was master of art's mystery,
And he was studious, reverent, wise.
Long years he failed to realize
In stone the ideal he labored o'er;
With each attempt dissatisfied,
He every morning cast aside
What he had done the day before.

At last he seemed, one happy day,
To reach his aim; the plastic clay
Took from his hand the sure impress
Which wrought in marble might express
The Prophet-priest of David's line
Who linked the human and divine.

Then, when his labor was complete,
He called a child from out the street.
"Dear child," he said, "Now tell me true,
Whom does this statue seem to you?"
The child looked on the solemn head,
Serene and loving; then she said,

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"'Tis some good angel from above
That brings to man God's words of love."

The sculptor mused, "My work is nought
But human skill and human thought;
A little child's pure eyes can see
Its failure from divinity;
Trusting too much the artist mood,
I've lost the sense of brotherhood;
I've looked within, I have not been
A fellow-man with fellow-men.
Christ loved mankind; He did not shun
The sinner nor the publican."
The chisel dropped from his nerveless hand,
He wandered homeless through the land.
His heart went out to men's distress,
He ate the bread of loneliness,
He helped the outcast and the poor,
He cheered the convict's dying hour;
In sorrow, sickness, pain, and strife,
He learned the bitterness of life.

Once more he felt the fierce unrest,
Thrilled with ideals unexpressed,
And sought again his workshop door.
The unused tools lay on the floor,
The sunbeams fell on cast and bust,
The work-bench white with marble dust,
The tools he left with downcast heart
Feeling the failure of his art.

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He wrought with fasting and with prayer,
With trance and vision on the air,
He saw the loving, pitying eyes,
The brow o'ercast with sacrifice.
The Christ of sorrow, the Christ of pain,
He yearned to form that men might see
The eternal strength of sympathy.
He wrought in feverish haste, as one
Who knows that he must soon be gone,
But not until his work be done.

Again his labor was complete,
He called the child from out the street.
"Dear child," he said, "Now tell me true,
Whom does this statue look to you?"
The child looked up, "Oh, this is He
Who said, 'Let children come to me;'
This is the Lord who loved men so,
And died for us long years ago."

"I thank Thee, Lord," the master cried,
"That this pure child has testified,
I've learned through human sympathy
Some faint conception, Lord, of Thee.
Oh, may it be within Thy grace
I soon may see Thee, face to face."

The master's head dropped on his breast,
His "long disquiet merged in rest."
That night he died; around his bed
The awed attendants, whispering, said,
"The pale, thin face was like the one
That he last wrought in flawless stone."

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NOW AND THEN

I

O THE days, and O the dances
Of that olden,
Golden
Time.
Swords and lances,
Tender glances,
Love and laughter, war and rhyme
Made the wide world all romances,
Life a song, a wedding chime!

II

Ho, sad Sir, I match the Present
With your dusty,
Rusty
Time!
Knight and peasant,
Cross and crescent,
These have passed, but life's old chime
Rings the same, now sad, now pleasant —
Tears, love, laughter, joy, and crime!

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THE FLOWER GIRL

SHE stands apart — the gay throng pass her by.
What care they that the little hands are cold
And tears are falling on the flowers unsold?
The tumult of the city drowns her cry,
So weak it is. Perchance some one may sigh
Perceiving her — but Poverty is old,
And it is fitting in this Age of Gold
That some should weep — Thank God, our eyes are dry!

William French Collins

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LIFE AND DEATH.

TWO snowflakes born of winter's storm
Fell through the air —
Two downy flakes of star-like form,
Beyond compare.
One rested on the sun-kissed ground,
And there it died:
While one a sheltering ice-drift found,
And death defied.

Two human souls, by God's decree,
Were sent to earth;
Each with a different destiny
Was given birth.
One struggled 'gainst an evil fate,
Nor long survived:
The other, born to happier state,
Grew strong and thrived.

Oh, who can solve the hidden sense
Of God's design?
We trust in His omnipotence
And love divine.
The man who dies before his prime,
Perhaps is blest;
He longest lives, who in his time
Has lived the best.

Frederick William Newshafer

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NEW ENGLAND

O MOTHER of our land,
Is our love fled away
Because thy hair is gray
And hard and thin thy hand?

Stern struggles with the soil
Of thy rough, barren hills
And wind that stiffs and chills —
We know thy bitter toil.

No longer young and fair
Art thou, as thou hast been;
No. Stern thy mouth, and thin
Thy lips, and sad thine air.

Since thy young motherhood
Thou hast been sore beset
By toil and pain, to get
Enough to feed thy brood.

The life which thou hast known
Has brought no holidays,
Nor taught thee winning ways
To hold their love when grown.

The easy, generous grace
Which comes of peaceful life
Flees from the weary strife
Whose scars are on thy face.

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From dawning, in the frost,
  Till after twilight came
  Thy work was still the same;
No moment might be lost.

And so thy sons have grown
  Strong, rich in life and thought,
  And goods thy toil hath brought,
And harvests thou hast sown.

And now they mock thy ways,
  And, through the mighty West
  Advancing, scorn the nest
That nursed their younger days.

There are a few who stay,
  Whose eyes have learned to see
  Thy voiceless majesty
E'en in its robes of gray.

Who see the eager pain
  That works upon thy face —
  Though thou wouldst hide its trace —
When love is foiled again.

Thou couldst not speak thy love,
  Thou canst not speak thy grief;
  There might be some relief
In utterance thereof.

But thy words still are deeds,
  And still thy deeds are words
  Save to the soulless herds
That know not flowers from weeds.

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O mother of our land,
  Upon thy thousand hills
  Sitting, what glory fills
Thy face of high command!

The will and power to do
  Through heat and frost and rain
  Thy work and not complain,
Shall have their fruit in you.

Thy God is still above;
  Thy children shall arise
  And with anointed eyes
See and reward thy love!

Henry Marvin Belden

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RONDEAU: OÙ SONT LES NEIGES?

"*Où sont les neiges?*" Full softly rings,
The smitten harp. The old air brings
Sweet specters surging back once more,
Fair faces loved when young Life wore
Gay robes and sang of pleasant things.

Ay! As she plays, pale Memory flings
Her gold gates wide. The broad, white wings
Of Love flash forth and upward soar—
Où sont les neiges?

Full softly sound the stricken strings,
As into words my musing springs:
"Ah, me! Where is the love we swore
In those glad, golden years of yore?"—
Où sont les neiges d'antan?" she sings.
Où sont les neiges?

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MERCUTIO

"A PLAGUE o' both your houses!" Well he knew
He had his death wound; yet a spirit made
For mirth and sparkle could not be afraid
Because, forsooth, a rapier thrust him through.
His happy, steadfast nature, ever true
To friends and honor, through his wit's cascade,
Gleamed like a silver rock o'er which still played
The dancing waves of fancy, till death drew
The flood-gates fast forever.

Not alone
Art thou, Verona's ruler, in thy grief,
Nor are thy citizens the only train
Of mourners for him. All the world makes moan.
Yet though his sojourn with us was so brief
His golden fancies ever ours remain.

Henry Marvin Belden

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L'ESTUDIANTINA

I LAUGHED to-day to find I've kept with care
This card of dances,
Midst other rubbish — *souvenirs de guerre*,
Half-read romances.

Those mark such flames as lightly go and come —
Old records thermometric —
In this alone there seems to linger some
Residual charge electric.

Six years ago it was, we chanced to meet —
A german's closing scena.
We went outside, the waltz throbbed low and sweet,
L'Estudiantina.

She chatted of the partners she had met
In the dance's mazes;
I was content to watch — *en silhouette* —
Her face's phases.

So fair it was — like those monks used to paint
In missals olden —
For round her head the moon had made — fair saint! —
An aureole golden.

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And in her lap her little hand, half turned,
Lay white and slender,
While from her rings the strange fires flamed and burned,
Now fierce, now tender.

She talked, I hearkened — how she loved to sing —
Of death by drowning —
Of Heine — Haggard — and that "dreadful thing"
By Robert Browning.

Then a quick sigh — her evening so near done,
Her roses, ashes —
As if to aught than joy the rising sun
Could lift her lashes!

"You know I'm just through school," she shyly said.
I feigned amazement,
Though truth, not guile, long since in all I read,
Her artless ways meant.

Mamma had evidently reared her child
In good old fashion.
Her frock was white — the cut, *en pension* styled
With wide-bowed sash on.

"Papa, you see, won't hear of my début
Until next season."'
A wistful glance. "I don't see what, do you,
Can be his reason?"

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"Papa is poky." Sigh. "This evening shows
A rare good nature."
I gravely hinted that she bring her woes
Before the Legislature.

Dear child — that grief sped soon enough away
With speeding morrow.
God grant there came not with the later day
Some deeper sorrow.

And I — old graybeard! 'Twas for this fate drew
Me from the million,
Safe man to guide this maiden safely through
The gay cotillion!

I — well — I'm somewhat grayer — play my part,
A gnarled old cynic.
None but a doctor 'll ever touch my heart —
Post-mortem clinic.

But sometimes, "when upon my couch I lie,"
Before me flashes
A gleaming, slender throat, proud head held high,
Long, downcast lashes.

Then as my heart warms, and the veil's withdrawn,
With vision youthful
I see the glistening moonlight, dewy lawn,
And deep eyes truthful.

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A sleepy song breaks from some half-waked
thrush —.
The moon had seen her! —
Then, throbbing faintly through the fragrant
hush,
L'Estudiantina.

She — to some worthier man the binding word
Long since she's spoken;
This — from this nameless rubbish disinterred,
This, — *my* sole token.

Those mark such flames as lightly go and come —
Old records thermometric —
In this alone there seems to linger some
Residual charge electric.

Clarence Griffin Child

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TRINITY ECHOES

SING, sing, loud let us sing.
Our cares away we fling.
For friends are dear and hearts are free.
Come share our joy with song and glee.
Oh! let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, sadly sing.
Some songs regret will bring.
Our hearts it rends to part from friends,
And time will never make amends.
Some songs regret will bring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, gladly sing.
Still let the echoes ring.
We'll fear no storm while hearts are warm,
No shock can love and friendship harm.
Still let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Melville Knox Bailey

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HER SATIN FAN

RONDEAU

HER satin fan is wondrous white.
Its frame with smoothest ivory bright
Is twined and carved in subtle plan
To snare the wayward heart of man—
Oh, tempt thou not its magic might!

'Tis wreathed around with swansdown light,
And on its shining side a flight
Of painted swallows quaint doth span
Her satin fan.

Thou foolish one, beware the sight,
Or rue in vain thy hapless plight,
A slave within her captives' van,
If thou her loveliness wilt scan,
When seemeth softly to invite
Her satin fan.

James Goodwin

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TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE crest gleams bare, and storm-winds roar,
While voices rise from the sounding shore,
Crooning low lullabies ever more;
Where his kindly heart lies sleeping.

The stars he loved strict vigils keep,
The waves still wildly upward leap
And break the virgin-silence deep;
Where his kindly heart lies sleeping.

Henry Rutgers Remsen

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A DRUNKEN DREAM

"It is so comically sweet, the world—so delightfully topsy-turvy: the dream of some tipsy god, fallen asleep after an Olympian carousal."—Heine.

WHAT if it were a dream, a drunken dream
Of some wine-bibbing god—this jumbled thing
We call the world? What if you, I, the King,
The Pope, Nanette, Dame Fashion's last extreme,
This pipe, our loves, the very thoughts we deem
Our own, were but the whirling shapes that swing
Through the thick brain of some god, slumbering
On soft, smooth sward, by cool Olympic stream?

And waking, how that tipsy scamp, our god,
Would stretch his lazy legs there on the sod,
Yawn, rub his swollen eyes, and even grin
To think of his droll dream; then with a gay,
Light laugh forget it all and go his way.
And we would vanish, who had never been.

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FUTURITY

"AND after this what shall I *be?*
A member of society,
Devoted still to gaiety,
To swing my cane, to sip my tea,
To dote on rank and pedigree,
Pass nights and days in misery,
Lest certain favored ones should see
Some blemish in my coat or me?—
The program doesn't quite agree
With one who isn't worth a V.
Or, shall I grow, by fate's decree,
The sober man of family,
From desk and ledger never free,
Forgetting old-time jollity;
My one delight, my only glee,
To dance the children on my knee,
And settle down, by slow degree,
To endless, cheerless drudgery?

And after this what shall I *do?*
The law is quite beyond my view;
Theology and physic, too,
The very notion makes me blue!
The law? Why, that's to fret and stew
O'er mouldy, musty authors, who

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Prove black is white, or any hue
The purse or fancy moves you to;
  To cheat and wrangle like a Jew,—
  Swear true is false and false is true—
Confound old Blackstone and his crew!
A parson? There's the life for you!
  To straighten souls all bent askew,
  To patch them up as good as new,
With apostolic thread and glue,—
More kicks than ha'pence when you're through.
  A doctor's calling to pursue—
  A three years' grind the avenue—
Means that a fellow must eschew
Half of life's pleasures, and subdue
  His finer tastes for revenue.
  There's no escape! I'll have to woo
Old miser Crœsus' daughter Sue,
And bid my blue-eyed Kate adieu.

  Oh, well! I'll let the matter wait;
  It's dull in here—its growing late.
There's Will out there with Bess and Kate,
Just coming through the garden gate;
  She promised me a tête-a-tête.
  To-day is mine at any rate:
'Tis June—I'll leave July to fate."

Robert Clarkson Tongue

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HER NAME

"ZAT'S not my name!" Each morn I meet
A little maiden trim and neat.
From dainty hood, brown curls that stray,
Large eyes, and cute nose *retroussé*,
A charming maid, demure, petite.

Her name I know not, and I greet
With ancient names quite obsolete,
That she with pretty pout may say,
"Zat's not my name!"

"Jemima, Arabella sweet,
Dear Sophonisba, I entreat
Your favor;—Jane Belinda, pray
Accept the greeting of the day."
Again her smiling lips repeat,
"Zat's not my name!"

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ALMA MATER

"SAIL far away, O youth, whose years
Have led thee from the distant home,
Far out to where the peaceful bay
Upheaves its breast in wild sea-foam.
Strong in thy hope and courage, sail,—
Thou wilt have need for more than these;
For storms shall roar
E'er thou once more
Shalt greet thy dear ancestral trees.

"The travel-toils of sea and land
Shall gird thee on thy perilous way,
And years shall bring forgetfulness
Of lessons learned in earlier day.
Fare on, thou journeyman of arts,
In realms beyond the misty sea;
And prove thy strength
Till Death at length
Shall bring thee home and set thee free."

So sang our Alma Mater's voice,
In words like these, which echo still
To us who never more should range
The pathways of her foliaged hill.
Brighter that year than ever seemed
The sunset skies, the summer moon,
And soft the breeze
That stirred the trees
In streets made beautiful by June.

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Most calm, benignant, looking down,
The gray walls rose in sun and shade,
Above that park which far and wide
Its ample breast in pride displayed.
Beyond, the landscape glowed in light,
The mountain-line was faintly seen,
And fold on fold
In wealth outrolled
Fair meadow-miles of shining green.

How smooth the river flowed; how pure
The white clouds loitered through the blue.
How nobly fair the town beneath
Its hues in strength and beauty drew.
Beneath the campus trees we lay
And softly sang old college tunes,
'Till the gleaming light
Of dusky night
Subdued the long, hot afternoons.

Proudly we smiled our last "farewells,"
Gay heroes of the passing hour.
Why not? the world was at our feet
And whispered, "Choose, or wealth or power!"
We trimmed our sails and bore away,
Nor would confess the passing sigh;
But laughed to mark
How dim and dark
Grew shores whence rang the last "Good-bye."

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As fisherboats, at set of sun,
  Spread their white wings and move away,
And hail from deck to deck, and leave
  In one great fleet the ebbing bay,
But yet, e'er windy morning breaks,
  Each drifted far by breeze or gale,
      Sweeps all in vain
      The sullen main,
  With wistful glance for friendly sail,—

So with our barques, of which we deemed
  Each bore a Cæsar and his fate,
Time in his old rough way has dealt,
  Whate'er their destined port or freight,
Certain in this alone of all,
  That whether scattered near or far,
      No man shall meet
      That gallant fleet
  'Till all shall cross death's harbor-bar.

On college towers, from year to year,
  The watchmen sit and sweep the sea;
"Ho, watchman, ho!" our mother cries,
  "What sons come sailing back to me;
For bring they all the gold of Ind,
  Or wreathed in cypress come their urns.
      At each dear name,
      Undimmed by shame,
  The mother's heart responsive burns."

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Ah! tender love that never fades;
Mother of scholars, in thy breast,
As, weary with the years, we come,
Briefly within thy arms to rest;
We need to feel it — aye, to know,
That what thou hast been, still thou art;
That though thy brow
Be wreathed with snow,
Thou bearest still a changeless heart.

Faintly across the seas we sail
Where'er our toil thy voices reach;
Thy name is home, — our thoughts of thee
Are speechless or in trembling speech.
Long as thy sacred lamp burns clear,
Long as our feet shall seek thy shrine,
Pure, deep, and warm,
Through sun and storm,
We pledge our love to thee and thine.

Alexander Mackay-Smith

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MARCH

ALL day against my window, blurred and dim,
The rain had dripped with dreary monotone,
And low'ring mists that hurrying rain had blown
From o'er the distant mountain's purple rim
Made twilight pale within the leafless woods.
There, in those bleak and dismal solitudes,
No bud made bright the branches dull and gray,
No bloom shone on the withered vines that shed
Their broken stems along the winding way.
"The spring will come no more," I said,
"Unto my life, made sad with loss and pain."
When lo! across the clouds of driving rain
The sunlight broke with splendor sweet and mild,
And from the faded turf the first blue violet
smiled!

Frederick William Newshafer

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ON A CHRISTMAS BOX OF "HENRY CLAYS"

WHEN the dove flew back to the water-logged ark and brought in her beak the bud,
The one green thing that proved there was life 'neath the waste of the mundane mud,
Young Japheth jeered, and black Ham sneered, but Shem said never a word,
For none of the three had the least idee of the worth of the gift of the bird.

But Noah stripped off the fresh, green leaves and dried them on the stove,—
Though a sailor rough, he was up to snuff, this prudent diluvian cove—
Then he rolled them tight and got a light from the flames of the binnacle lamp:—
"Get under my lee, you boys," said he, "a cigar smokes best when it's damp."

"I don't much car'," said this ancient tar, "how long this v'yage is
So be it I shan't be out of this plant, in which lies hope and bliss,

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Head the old boat so'th-east by so'th, that bird
was pinted no'th,
If we anchor at all, we'll make a land-fall where
tobacco's a nateral growth."

Then the boys agreed that the fragrant weed,
which the bird had brought from the shore,
Was the very best thing any bird could bring, to
prove it would rain no more;
For peace and good-will now seemed to fill their
father's rugged breast;
"Foh suah," said Ham, "tobacco am the herb of
peace and rest."

And since that time, in every clime, the smoke
of this plant has been
A solace sweet, hard times' defeat, for all life-
faring men;
But never less ill does it fill the bill than on a
Christmas day,
When one's Christmas box is a box of cigars and
the brand is "Henry Clay."

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A DREAM

THEN vanished, sighing, all the singing throng
Of dream-dames — all save one, whose sweet lips spell
In scarlet letters, Love, her name. Glad lays that tell
Of Love's delights, she sung, and yet, ere long,
My soul grew sick and weary of her song,
And loathed its music. Suddenly a knell
Smote harsh upon my ear. Some beaten bell
Clanged for the dead — or marriage chime rung wrong!

And in Love's place there stood a specter, old
And lean, with lips past kissing. Faugh! Of mold
She reeked. It blotched her shroud a rusty red!
Her head, a hooded skull, all hollow-eyed,
That yet looked hate. The fleshless jaws cracked wide,
And cried: "Lo, I am Love when Love is dead."

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THE COURT JESTER

I LOVE my motley and my jangling cap,
My antic staff with its familiar leer;
I love to sit with my wise ape and sneer
At fools who call me Fool. I slyly slap
The King himself with some neat jest, and rap
The smirking courtiers who adroitly veer,
Like weather-vanes, with changing winds. They fear
My snapping tongue, as lamed rats fear the trap.

King! I am king — and King and Court my fools;
My lute, my sport; my shuttlecocks, my tools.
Some arch rondeaus to my pet ape I sing,
And staid dames pale beneath their paint, ho! ho!
And fops look fierce as hens. Sweet ape, we know
Wit rules. My puppets hop, I pull the string.

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LOVE'S SECRET

WELL I know she is not handsome,
She can neither sing nor dance;
But I strangely am attracted
By each careless nod and glance
Of my Madeline.

Quite a philanthropic feeling
Is my love, so true and rare,
For she's burdened with great riches;
In which burden I would share
With my Madeline.

From such heavy care to shield her
Each and every purpose tends.
I will help to clip the coupons,
And I'll draw the dividends
Of my Madeline.

Robert Peck Bates

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

YOU'D admire my city sweetheart
(If you met her)
For her style.
Yes! You'd praise her beauteous face,
And her figure's perfect grace!
Ah! How daintily she walks—
And how charmingly she talks!
Yet—
I think you *could* forget her—
Could forget that artful maiden
In a while!
Though you'd praise my city sweetheart
And her style.

But you'd love my country sweetheart
(If you met her)
For her smile,
And her trusting eyes of blue
Would have far more charm for you
Than the changing laugh and frown
Of the fair coquette in town—
Ah!
You never could forget her—
Ne'er forget that artless maiden
And her smile;
For you'd love my country sweetheart
All the while!

William French Collins

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A SPRAY OF HOLLY

SING of Christmas long ago,
  Garlanded with holly,
Wreathed about with mistletoe.
  But the hall was jolly,
When the mighty boar's head came,
  Of a lusty savor,
And the pudding bathed in flame.
  How they praised its flavor!
Merry was the feast, I trow,
  Christmas time of long ago.

Sing of Christmas here to-day,
  To a merry measure.
It is every whit as gay
  And as full of pleasure.
For the Christmas board is bright,
  Christmas cheer aboundeth,
And about the hearth to-night
  Still the carol soundeth,
Still the Christmas tale is told
  Of the wonders seen of old.

Years may come and years may go,
  But forever blooming,
And, with each December's snow,
  Fairer hues assuming,

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This sweet blossom of the year
  Still shall tell of gladness,
Kindly love, and goodly cheer,
  'Mid the winter's sadness;
Still shall prove its token true,
  "Love and life are ever new."

Robert Clarkson Tongue

LOVE LAUGHS

"LOVE laughs at locksmith," laughs ho! ho!
  Still Thisbe steals to meet a beau,
Naught recks of bolt and bar and night,
  And father's frown and word despite.
As in the days of long ago,
In southern heat and northern snow
Still twangs the archer's potent bow,
  And as his flying arrows smite,
    Love laughs.

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QUESTION

WHY is the king so sad, Father, why is the king so sad?
More than his sire the king is blessed,
The times are fair and the land at rest;
With the little prince on the queen's fair breast,
Why is the king so sad?
He put the woman he loved aside,
He steeled his heart when his true love cried,
And took a princess for his bride;
And so the king is sad.

Why is the rich man sad, Father, why is the rich man sad?
Fair on the hills his turrets glow,
Broad is the manor spread below,
Garners and wine-vats overflow;
Now, why is he so sad?
His truth for a lordly price he sold,
He gave his honor for yellow gold;
It's, oh! for the peace he knew of old!
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the poor man sad, Father, why is the poor man sad?
Health and freedom and love has he,
A vine-clad cottage beyond the lea
Where children clamber about his knee;
Yet why is he so sad?

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He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame,
He looked on his humble lot with shame;
Into his life black envy came,
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the priest so sad, Father, why is the priest so sad?
Little he knows of worldly care,
His place is found in the house of prayer,
And honor and peace attend him there;
Why is the priest so sad?
He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek;
His heart is hot, but his spirit weak,
And the words that he would he dare not speak,
And so the priest is sad.

Why is the world so sad, Father, why is the world so sad?
Every day is a glory sent,
Sunshine, beauty, and music blent,
Fresh from the gracious firmament;
Then why is the world so sad?
Alas for the evil ever done!
Alas for the good deed not begun!
Alas for our blindness every one!
By this the world is sad.

Robert Clarkson Tongue

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PHILLIPS BROOKS

FOLD his arms gently over his breast
Like a child asleep at set of the sun.
It is hard, O Christ, to leave him thus.
Were it better so? Thy will be done.

There's a voice the less to soothe and warn
The voyagers on life's sea afar;
There's a hand the less outstretched to help
The weary wanderer cross the bar.

There's a soul the more with God, we trust,
A saint at rest in the peace of the Son.
Life's cross laid down for the crown of God,
And a still, small voice: "Well done! Well done!"

George William Ellis

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A SUMMER NIGHT

THE pines rise black against the moon;
A golden wake the water glows
And shimmers; all the night's a-tune
With thrushes; and a soft air blows,
Full-freighted with dim odors, borne
From unimagined lands of morn.

Harsh noon-tide thoughts slink to their lair;
This is an hour for dreams to be
Abroad, for visions and fancies fair,
And love's impassioned litany —
An hour to quit all jangling strife
And woo the lyric side of life.

Richard Burton

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THE MODERN ROMANS

UNDER the slanting light of the yellow sun of October,
A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the car-track.
Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents,
Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musical *lingua Romana*.
Then came the thought, Why, these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;
These are the sons of the men who founded the Empire of Cæsar.
These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to *Ultima Thule*.
The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes, and profiles, and figures.
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
"*Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.*"
See, Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;

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Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar,
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
Further along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;
And the next has precisely the bust of Cneius Pompeius.
Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;
Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription,
Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.
On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the market of Rome, to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
And as I loitered, the Celt cried out "Worruk, ye Dagos,
Full up your shovel, Paythro', ye haythen, I'll dock yees a quarther."
This he said to the one who resembled the great imperator.
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

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Such are the changes and chances, the centuries bring to the nations.
Surely the ups and downs of this world are past calculation.
How the races troop o'er the stage in endless procession!
Persian and Arab and Greek, and Hun and Roman and Saxon
Master the world in turn and then disappear in the darkness,
Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.
"Possibly," this I thought to myself, "the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top, but time may bring his revenges,
Turning the Fenian down once more to be 'bossed by a Dago.'"

Charles Frederick Johnson

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REX SUM

I AM a King. Within my hollow hands
I hold the mystic powers, life and death.
I can disperse the body's glowing sands,
Or husband them for years, through my command.

I am a King. And at my will's behest,
Aye! at the slightest murmur of my breath,
I bid wild passions rise and rule the breast.
I speak — I nod, again they sink to rest.

I am a King. My country is the land
That lies between the bounds of birth and death —
Myself the lord, to rule with iron hand,
Myself the serf to cringe at each demand.

Henry Rutgers Remsen

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BLIGHT

YES, there were golden days—
Times when the purple haze
And the rose-touched wings of ships,
As soft as the sweet-briar's lips,
Had meanings plain to me
On land and sea.

When the sun drew up a breath
That had no hint of death,
From the ranks of the fallen grass,
Or the wide, rush-floored morass;
And the great trees shouted loud,
The giant-boughed;

And Sirius blazed in the night
With a strange, mysterious might;
And the autumn twilight chill,
On the ridge of the western hill,
Made cities of somber flame
That had no name.

These sang in my soul, and said—
Ah! I know not what; it is fled—
But they told of the secrets of life,
And the prizes set for the strife,
And they showed me a writing clear,
Of wonder and fear.

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But the writing is faded quite,
And the voices are still in the night;
The sun goes down in the sky,
And the ships go sailing by,
But there comes no voice to me
By land or sea.

I am young — it is not years —
And I prosper. I have no fears
For to-morrow's meat and drink;
But my thoughts within me shrink,
And vanish away to naught
Ere they are thought.

O Age, is the fault with thee,
Or is it rather with me,
That a poison has entered in
Till my thoughts are as water thin,
As brackish water to taste,
Spewed out in haste?

O strong wind! speak to me now,
Blow, battle against my brow,
Till my soul shall wake again,
And I, like my fellow-men,
Shall once more be in tune
With thy dread rune.

Henry Marvin Belden

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RONDEAU

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE

"Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau."

BY Jove, I'm done for now, for Isabeau
Has conjured me to write her a rondeau.
This renders my embarrassment extreme.
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with *eau* or *eme*!
'Twere easier to build a boat, I know.

And now but five are done — a modest show.
The writing of a rondeau must be slow.
Now seven — now eight — add to complete the scheme;
By Jove, I'm done!

Again five verses must be writ in row,
Each verse in rhyme and metre so-and-so.
Eleven are done, and now I really seem
Near finished. Adding one more rhyme — say *deem*,
To close, I simply have to write below:
By Jove, I'm done!

Charles Edward Taylor

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FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ

ON a summer's day slept a Dervish gray
'Neath the shade of a palm tree tall;
A thief, who passed by, snatched his turban and ran;
"Stop! Stop!" cried the Dervish, away went the man,
Away went the turban and all.

To a graveyard nigh did the Dervish hie,
And seated himself on a stone.
Quoth a peasant, "Grave sir, with all reverence to you,
You'd soon catch the fellow, if straight you'd pursue;
Nor sit in the graveyard alone."

But the gray-beard said, as he shook his head,
"I am old, and the fellow ran fast;
Yet a faster pursues him, where'er he may run,
There's one end for all who live under the sun;
He'll come to the graveyard at last."

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THEIR KING

"HO! all ye men that sorrow much, give place!
Give place! Lo! I have drunken tears like wine.
Your sorrows are but motes of dust to mine,
Ye puny weepers! Come, make room! Have grace
To know your betters. Hail me king! My face
Is waxen lean with weeping, blanched with brine
Of bitter tears. My trailing robes, the sign
Of woe as black—yield up to me grief's mace."

Then from the mourners, one, robed all in red,
Uprose. He wore, askew upon his head,
A jester's cap sewn o'er with bells—no thing
Nor sign of woe he wore. Dry eyed, he said:
"I cannot weep!"—Cried out all those who fed
On grief, "Peace, babbling fool, *this* man is King!"

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THE PAST

THE darkening shadows gather one by one,
Yet far above, when other light seems gone,
Bright in the beauty of the setting sun,
A cloud floats on.

So, when our hopes and joys fade into fears,
And doubt and darkness veil life's fleeting rays,
There lingers still the dream of happier years—
Of by-gone days.

William French Collins

AN OLD EPITAPH

NAY, stroller, pass! No lines appear
To bless or curse him lying here.
Pass on! His character is known
To the eternal God alone;
Only the judgment-day will show
What was the man who sleeps below.

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SONG OF THE FLAG

HERE in the brave young land of lands,
That stretches so broad and free,
From the frozen capes to the tropic sands,
From the near to the further sea,
We hail one flag, one bit of rag,
That blazons our loyal love,
And the old feel young when its folds are flung
To the airs of heaven above.
Flag of the deeds well done,
Symbol of all in one,
Beautiful under the sun.

O, ye of the scholar class and clan,
Now pacing the paths of Thought,
Ye are called by the name American,
By the blood of your fathers bought,
It is meet ye raise, in these summer days,
The red, the white, and the blue;
That the flag look down on the cap and gown,
On all that ye dream and do.
Learning and liberty,
Bulwarks for me and thee,
So long as the years shall be.

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Whatever our craft or creed or coat,
We are fellow-workers all,
If only the stars and stripes shall float
O'er each native festival,
Be it trade or art, be it mind or earth
That gets us our stint of bread,
The fruits are thine, O country mine,
Till our human hearts be dead.
One flag and one only foe;
The hand that drags it low,
And shames our country so.

The world grows boy in the blush of June,
The soul leaps up in its seat;
There is blessing rich in the double boon,
Of a day and a duty sweet,
May this ardent hour unfold a flower
Of triple love in us:
For our student days; for our country's praise;
And for God the glorious.
So College, take our lay,
Hail, fatherland, to-day:
And God be with us aye.

Richard Burton

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ATLANTIS

Verses from the Class-Day Poem of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy

I SLEPT and dreamed; and while I dreamed there came
A lofty figure that beside me stood,
And gazed upon me; all my pulsing blood
Flashed hotly up at sight of her, like flame.

Strong brows drawn straight above deep eyes; a storm
Of long, thick tresses falling to her knees;
A face lit up with mighty purposes —
The crowning beauty of her perfect form.

. . . . . .

Her stirring words like some far trumpet rang
Through all the vacant chambers of my brain;
Then spread she her bright wings, and 'cross the rain
Of slanted sunlight flew, and flying sang:

"In paths of grandest harmony
The chanting months march 'round,
And roll through echoing centuries
A choral hymn profound.

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"A matchless song of matchless deeds
And men of high renown —
Of splintered lances, shivered casques,
And valiant lives laid down.

"A strain that rings with battle cries,
Or sobs with women's tears,
That soars with flame-sped saints to God,
Or thrills with lovers' fears,

"A lordly lay of kingly times,
And many a splendid name,
Of poet, sage, philosopher —
A hymn that ye call fame.

"To carve upon the cliffs of thought
The record of thy pen;
To dwell among the fadeless ones
For all the years of men;

"To sit, a monarch, high enthroned
Above the worldly din —
This the great guerdon, — this the prize
To strive for and to win.

"Oh, fame is not a paltry toy,
A bubble, or a breath;
Thus man defies mortality
And proudly spurns at death.

"Pervading all his wayward speech,
One godlike tone doth run;
And human tongues may, speaking right,
Pronounce the Lord's 'Well done!'"

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Deep in the beauty of the morning skies,
Her sweet song spent itself; but I awoke,
And knew the vision for a dream, and spoke
Thus to myself in somewhat bitter wise:

"Nay, rather is that ancient legend true,
Of fair Atlantis in the midmost sea
Firm founded, rich with blissful greenery —
Right goodly, bright, and beautiful to view.

"A lovely land, where tinkling streams did pass
Slow dropping to the shore, through twilight vales,
Made musical at eve by nightingales
That scarcely paused at noon, so dim it was.

"There, underneath the shadows of old trees,
From branch to branch great vines had twined themselves;
Broad woodland reaches, haunts of fays and elves,
Were, not infrequent, murmurous with bees.

"No jagged mountains, rough and cold with snow,
Did pierce the blue sky bending over all,
But smooth hills billowed up, again to fall
In little valleys lying just below.

"And no rude storm within that isle could rise,
The yellow sand ran down to meet the wave
That far away, on other shores, might rave,
But here sang ever slumberous lullabies.

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"And never yet had mortal man with joy
Set foot, the poets fabled, on that shore,
But if one could, then unto him no more
His life would seem than some poor, trifling toy.

"Oh, blessed ending of the weary strife,
Thus to lose recollection of the world,
And in an atmosphere of dreams lie furled,
Apart from all that vexed thy troubled life!

"But yet, or that the earth had grown too vile
For such a paradise; or, some have said,
Because the old Greek gods were conquered,
And in their flight destroyed the beauteous isle,

"Atlantis disappeared beneath the surge;
And gloomily the great, gray ocean drave
Athwart that sunken country's mournful grave,
And wheeling sea-birds clanged its doleful dirge.

"But he who with clear eyes and spotless soul—
If such there were among the sons of men—
Gazed west at time of sunset—then, oh, then
He saw the hills of that dear island roll

"Themselves above the waste of waters wide—
Hills white and thin, a ghostly company,
And some there were who, seeing, did agree
To sail in search thereof until they died.

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"And sailed and ne'er returned. But what befell
Those seamen — whether, guided by some god,
They reached that strand by ways before untrod,
Or perish dismally — I cannot tell.

"But this I know: that for each one, there lies
Some bright Atlantis in the misty sea
Of grand, successful days that are to be
His heavy labor's long desirèd prize."

Arthur Dyer

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LOVE'S VISION.

'TIS often said that love is blind,
But I could never think it true.
Now tell me, sweet, if love is blind,
Why do I love to look at you?

If love is blind, why can one glance
At thy fair face, my being move?
If love were blind, would not thy charms
To every sight impotent prove?

If love were blind, I'd love thee still;
I'd love thy spirit, gentle maid.
But love's not blind — for I love both
Thy face and spirit — Adelaide.

Walter Wood Parsons

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LA MUSE S'AMUSE

La muse s'amuse. In olden lays
The minstrels sang sweet songs of praise
For bravery on land and sea,
For knighthood and for chivalry.
Alas! we have outgrown their ways.
The world of song new laws obeys;
We weave with nicely turned phrase
Our little rhymes on grief and glee,
La muse s'amuse.

Ah, for some singer who could raise
A nobler strain — not one who plays
At making verses skillfully —
We long for some true poetry,
Some deeper thought: but now-a-days
La muse s'amuse.

William French Collins

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LANDLORD AND TEŃANT

THE Winter is a landlord grim ;
The Summer takes a lease from him
And makes a home midst birds and flowers,
A happy home for fleeting hours.

But all too brief such tenantry !
By withered grass and leafless tree,
By winds that at the windows moan,
The landlord comes to claim his own.

Richard Burton

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POSTGRADUATE

THE dark old Bishop standing there
Still spreads his brazen arms in prayer;
Old Northam rears against the sky
Its massy bulwark, gray and high,
Unheeding how the life below
May change or chance, may ebb or flow;
And bits of song and pleasant talk
Still sound along the college walk —
Old jests I knew, old songs I sung,
When hope was high, and life was young.

All is the same, yet not the same,
As on the morning when I came,
A Freshman, to these classic halls.
The life I passed within those walls
Has grown so dim that now it seems
A gauzy fabric spun in dreams.
Ah well! I am not all bereft,
For yet one faithful friend is left
Unchanged by age, unmoved by care,
The dark old Bishop standing there.

Robert Clarkson Tongue

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RETRIBUTION

"There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor."

THERE were two men—the first had but to nod,
And, lo! slaves trembled at his very feet.
Raiment of gold was his—yea, ointment sweet
His countenance made fair; the wine, slave-trod,
Rejoiced his heart. The other felt the rod,
The bitter scourge; ate what the dog did eat;
Was spurned, rejected, cast into the street,
Despised of men to seek redress of God.

And vengeance comes! Already on the strand
The hoarse waves break and mutter things to be,
And yet, forsooth, we fear not, *"In this land,*
All men are equal!" Bitter mockery!
Blind souls who build upon the shifting sand,
Nor heed the moaning of the troubled sea!

William French Collins

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THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

FIRST on the ground appeared the god-like
Trojan Eleven,
Shining in purple and black, with tight and well-
fitting sweaters,
Woven by Andromache in the well-ordered pal-
ace of Priam.
After them came, in goodly array, the players of
Hellas,
Skilled in kicking and blocking and tackling and
fooling the umpire.
All advanced on the field marked off with white
alabaster,
Level and square and true—at the ends two
goal posts erected,
Richly adorned with silver and gold and carved
at the corners,
Bearing a legend which read, "Don't talk back
at the umpire"—
Rule, first given by Zeus, for the guidance of
voluble mortals.
All the rules of the game were deeply cut in the
crossbars,
So that the players might know exactly how to
evade them.

. . . . . .

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On one side of the field were ranged the Trojan spectators,
Yelling in composite language their ancient Phrygian war-cry:
"Hohaytoe, Toutaistou, Tontainto; Boomerah, Boomerah, Trojans!"
And on the other, the Greeks, fair-haired and ready to halloo,
If occasion should offer and Zeus should grant them a touch-down,
"Breck-ek kek-kex-koax-Anax andron, Agamemnon!"
First they agreed on an umpire, the silver-tongued Nestor.
Long years ago he played end-rush on the Argive eleven;
He was admitted by all to be an excellent umpire
Save for the habit he had of making public addresses,
Tedious, long-winded and dull, and full of minute explanations,
How they used to play in the days when Cadmus was half-back,
Or how Hermes could dodge, and Ares and Phœbus could tackle;
Couched in rhythmical language but not one whit to the purpose.
On his white hairs they carefully placed the sacred tiara,

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Worn by the foot-ball umpires of old as a badge
of their office,
Also to save their heads, in case the players
should slug them.
Then they gave him a spear wherewith to en-
force his decisions,
And to stick in the ground to mark the place to
line up to.
He advanced to the thirty-yard line and began
an oration:
"Listen, Trojans and Greeks! For thirty-five
seasons,
"I played foot-ball in Greece with Peleus for
half-back and captain.
"Those were the days of old when men played
the game as they'd orter.
"Once, I remember, Æacus, the god-like son of
Poseidon,
'Kicked the ball from a drop, clean over the city
of Argos.
"That was the game when Peleus, our captain
lost all his front teeth;
"Little we cared for teeth or eyes when once we
were warmed up.
"Why, I remember that Æacus ran so that no
one could see him,
"There was just a long hole in the air and a man
at the end on't.
"Hercules umpired that game, and I noticed
there wasn't much talking—"

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Him interrupting, sternly addressed the King Agamemnon:
"Cease old man; come off your antediluvian boasting;
"Doubtless our grandpas could all play the game as well as they knew how.
"They are all dead, and have long lined up in the fields of Elysium;
"If they were here we would wipe up the ground with the rusty old duffers.
"You call the game, and keep your eye fixed on the helmeted Hector.
"He'll play off-side all the while, if he thinks the umpire don't see him."
Then the old man threw the lots, but sore was his heart in his bosom.
"Troy has the kick-off," he said, "the ball is yours, noble Hector."
Then he gave him the ball, a prolate spheroid of leather,
Much like the world in its shape, if the world were lengthened, not flattened,
Covered with well-sewed leather—the well-seasoned hide of a bison,
Killed by Lakon, the hunter, 'ere bisons were exterminated.
On it was painted a battle, a market, a piece of the ocean,
Horses and cows and nymphs and things too many to mention.

. . . . . .

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Ajax stood on the right; in the center the great Agamemnon;
Diomed crouched on the left, the god-like rusher and tackler—
Crouched as a panther crouches, if sculptors do justice to panthers.
Crafty Ulysses played back, for none of the Trojans could pass him.
All the best Greeks were in line, but Podus Okus Achilleus,
Who though an excellent kicker stayed all day in his section.

. . . . . .

Hector dribbled the ball, then seized it and putting his head down,
And, as a lion carries a lamb and jumps over fences—
Dodging this way and that way the shepherds who wish to remonstrate—
So did the son of Priam carry the ball through the rush line,
Till he was tackled fair by the full-back, the crafty Ulysses.
Even then he carried the ball and the son of Laertes
Full five yards till they fell to the ground with a deep indentation
Where one might hide three men so that no man could see them—

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Men of the present day, degenerate sons of the heroes—

. . . . . .

Now, when Pallas Athene discovered the Greeks would be beaten,
She slid down from the steep of Olympus upon a toboggan.
Sudden she came before crafty Ulysses in guise like a maiden,
Not that she thought to fool him, but since Olympian fashion
Made the form of a woman good form for a goddess' assumption.
She then spoke to him quickly, and said, "O son of Laertes,
Seize thou the ball; I will pass it to thee and trip up the Trojan."
Her replying, slowly reworded the son of Laertes—
"That I will do, O goddess divine, for he can outrun me."
Then when the ball was in play, she cast thick darkness around it.
Also around Ulysses she poured invisible darkness.
Under this cover, taking the ball he passed down the middle,
Silent and swift, unseen, unnoticed, unblocked, and untackled.

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Meanwhile she piled the Greeks and the Trojans
in conglomeration.
Much like a tangle of pine trees where lightning
has frequently fallen;
Or like a basket of lobsters and crabs which the
provident housewife
Dumps on the kitchen floor and vainly endeav-
ors to count them,
So seemed the legs and the arms and the heads
of the twenty-one players.
Sudden, a shout arose, for under the cross-bar,
Ulysses,
Visible, sat on the ball, quietly making a touch-
down;
On the tip of his nose were his thumb and fingers
extended,
Curved, and vibrating slow in the sign of the
blameless Egyptians.
Violent language came to the lips of the hel-
meted Hector,
Under his breath he murmured a few familiar
quotations,
Scraps of Phrygian folk-lore about the kingdom
of Hades.
Then he called loud as a trumpet, "I claim foul,
Mr. Umpire."
"Touch-down for Greece," said Nestor, "'twixt
you and me and the goal-post
"I lost sight of the ball in a very singular man-
ner."

. . . . . .

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Then they carried the sphere back to the twenty-five yard line.
Prone on the ground lay a Greek — the leather was poised in his fingers.
Thrice Agamemnon adjusted the sphere with deliberation;
Then he drew back as a ram draws back for deadly encounter.
Then he tripped lightly ahead, and brought his sandal in contact,
Right at the point; straight flew the ball right over the cross-bar,
While like the cries of pygmies and cranes the race-yell resounded —
"Breck-ek, kek-kex-koax Anax andron, Agamemnon!"

Chas. Frederick Johnson

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TO —— AS SHE PLAYETH

SOFTLY strike upon the strings
Till the answering music rings
Like the ripple of a stream
Running low athwart a dream.

Death stalks ever on the earth,
Grief more frequent is than mirth;
So, half-grave amid the gay,
Let my fancies idly stray.

While thou murmurest 'neath the moon,
Humming to thy strings a tune —
Half-forgotten ballads sweet —
In the shadows' dim retreat,

Faces rise up sharp and stern,
As the souls behind them yearn —
Dead they many years have lain,
"*Reviens amy*"—'tis in vain.

Froissart writing of the knights,
Villon of the lost delights,
Drayton, Suckling, Lovelace — dead;
Where they passed we two shall tread.

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Am I loved as once were they
In the old, impassioned way?
"*Où sont les neiges?*" he sang;
Voices sweet as thine once rang

Clearly as thine own is clear—
Melted with the snows last year—
"*Suis-je, suis-je, suis-je-belle?*
Dictes-moy." Who now can tell?

Though enwrapt with tinkling rhyme,
Blotted is her love by time.
Since the flower of thy face
Bloometh but an instant's space,

Let us through our moment's span
Love each other while we can—
In the grave to which we go
Thee, perchance, I shall not know.

Vacant wandering of the mind!
Time and love can no man bind;
Peace, my vainly fluttering heart—
"Come, then, let us kiss and part."

Prosser Hall Frye

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LIFE'S GREETING

AT my good inn, The World, you may have rest
One night, fair sir. Eat, drink, be merry;
Then up at dawn, for at his ferry,
Death waits, and for thy room another guest.

Arthur Leslie Green

IN PASSING

A HAPPY, laughing child with no thought of the morrow—
A beggar, worn and old, who crouches at his feet;
Lo! For a moment joy is face to face with sorrow—
Then both are lost within the crowded city street.

William French Collins

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PROB. PHIL.

A MISS is as good as a mile;
A kiss twice as good as a smile.
Not to miss any kiss,
But to kiss every miss,
Will turn miles
Into smiles,
And smiles into kisses
From misses.
For the maiden who'll smile
Is a miss worth the while
If your walking a mile;
But the damsel you kiss
Is worth two of the miss
Who's only as good as a mile.

Charles Edward Taylor

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PAST PRIME

I JUDGE by this quiescence I am old.
I watch the dark, damp shadows, 'neath the hill
At eventide, calmly; without a thrill
I see the glory of the sunset rolled
Up to the zenith; crimson heaped on gold
Moves not my heart so still, so deadly still;
Nor those last notes the tender thrushes trill
To reassure their mates while shades infold
The sombre earth.

Then when the crickets sing
In multitudes their simple songs that show
The little lives beside the great, they bring
No longings as they used; while to and fro
The winds of autumn in the tree-tops swing,
But have no voice — and I am old I know.

Prosser Hall Frye

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ODE FROM ANACREON

Θέλω λέγειν 'Ατρειδας

I FAIN would tune the cord
To praise Mycenae's lord,
And how his mighty sword
Laid heaps of Phrygian slain
Upon the Trojan plain,
And strive to raise the strain
To tell the Tyrian chief's renown,
Who built the mighty Theban town
By Dirce's sacred grove;
But evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
Re-echoes songs of love.

Resolved to change the lay,
I threw, the other day,
My plectrum far away,
And altered every string;
Full loudly would I sing
Of many an ancient king,
And how Alcides, strong and bold
Was raised from earth, in days of old,
To dwell with gods above;

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But evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
  Re-echoes songs of love.

Of haughty lord and dame,
Of bloody fields of fame,
Of those, who, for a name,
Their peace and honor sell,
I can no longer tell;
Ye heroes, all, farewell!
The clash of armor I forget,
And with each moment's fancy let
  My listless fingers rove;
And evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
  Shall echo songs of love!

George Otis Holbrook

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MOTIVELESS

I PEER into those laughing eyes
To see what they denote,
If she my love will e'er despise;
My ardor brings with feigned surprise,
"You're looking for the mote?"

"Ah, no!" I eagerly insist,
"My motive you ne'er dreamed,
But let me see, e'er I desist,
If any beams for me exist,"
And then of course — she beamed.

Harry Safford Candee.

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THE DANCE OF LIFE

AND as I watched the dance, I saw, anon,
A hooded spectre beckon. Waxen wan
A gay dame sighed, and followed. Some few wept
Awhile — but still the merry dance went on.

A SHY LITTLE MAID

A LOVE-LORN lad wooed a coy maid once,
All of a summer's day he pled,
Oft he spoke of the bonds of love — the dunce!
And she shyly shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,
He spoke of bonds he had in town,
Still the shy little maiden shook her head,—
But she shook it *up and down.*

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"BRIEF AS WOMAN'S LOVE"

LOVE me, sweet, a summer's day
When the fields are all grown over
With the eglantine and clover,
For a summer's day is long —
Love me from the sun's first ray
Till the even-song;

From the moment when the mist
Rises over shoal and shallow
And the marshes where the mallow
And the purple iris grow,
Ere the gray-cold sky is kissed
To a lively glow;

While the vivid roses blush,
Happy in their lonely hollow,
Where the solitary swallow
Flits by them at early morn,
In the palpitating hush
As the day is born.

When the afternoon is warm
Let us sit with no words spoken
Where the quietude is broken
Only by the whistling quail
And the bees' incessant swarm
And the old wives' tale, —

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Sit until the whip-poor-will,
  Sad to see the daylight dwindling
  In the woodland, at the kindling
    Of the glow-worm's feeble spark,
Crieth from the sombre hill
    In the falling dark.

Love me so a summer's day
  When the fields are all grown over
  With the eglantine and clover,
    For a day is short at best—
Love me till the sun's last ray
    Fadeth from the West.

Prosser Hall Frye

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SOLOMON

THERE is a story told of that great King,
Who, through his love for God, knew everything,
That one day, while he sat and prayed alone
In his great hall of cedar and of stone,
That suddenly, within the sun's clear light
He saw an angel, clothed in raiments white,
Holding, within its outstretched hands, to him
A crystal goblet, even to the brim
With shining fluid — and the Angel said;
"O King, the God which rules both quick and dead
Has ordered me that I this cup shall give
To thee alone, that thou mayest ever live."
And as it spoke it vanished on the wind,
But in the chamber left the cup behind.
Then did the King, Wise Solomon the Great,
Call all his ministers and hold in state
A council of the wisest in his land;
And when he ordered silence with his hand,
There fell a hush so great that e'en the bees
Ceased their soft hummings in the almond trees.
Then Solomon arose, and told them all
Of that sweet Vision, seen in his great hall,
Told of the visit of the Angel bright,
Showed them the cup effulgent with soft light,
"What shall I do?" he said with 'bated breath;
"Shall I drain this and flee forever death?"

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And with one voice they cried in loud accord,
"Drink up the cup and live forever, Lord!"
And then he called each bird which skims the air,
And every beast which lurks in mountain lair.
They also came and filled the summer sky
With one great shout: "Drink King; and never die!"
All but one voice took up the loud acclaim
Which made the seven hills resound again,
And to the throne a hedge-hog, old and gray,
'Midst shouts and jeers pursued his shuffling way.
And when he reached it meekly bowed his head,
And in an humble voice "O King!" he said,
"If this bright water could be shared by thee
With all thy friends and thy whole family,
Then to the Lord, thy glad thank-offerings give.
Drink of the cup that thou and thine may live.
But if this draught is offered thee alone,
O rather pour it on this tesselled stone!
For age is only holy, calm and still
When there are friends who journey down the hill
Of life along with us, and by their care
Make of old age a blessing doubly rare."
He finished speaking: and a moment stood
Judea's King, and then the mantling blood
Surged to his cheeks, and looking proudly 'round
He grasped the cup — and dashed it to the ground.

Henry Rutgers Remsen

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MARIGOLD

I LOVE confinement in thy bonds,
I love thy little stock to hold,
Thy very scent,
Aye, marigold!

I'll love confinement of thy bonds,
I'll love thy little stocks to hold,
Thy every cent,
I marry gold!

Harry Safford Candee

GHOSTS

THERE are no ghosts. Could they return to earth
To fright their friends with eerie laughs,
They would not waste their time in idle mirth —
They would erase their epitaphs.

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LOVE'S SERVICE

LOVE called to a young man winningly,
"Come, join the ranks of my company,
And take the field in my service."

But the young man said, "There are other things
Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings,
Of far more worth than your service.

"There's business and sport and pleasure and art;
Your war is a folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your service."

Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuff,
For young volunteers were more than enough
To fill up the ranks of his service.

But Time, going past, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's service.

So the man brought to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his years, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's service.

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But Love answered lightly, "The day has gone
by;
A sere autumn leaf is too thin and too dry
For a garland worn in my service.

"You can buy, if you like, a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem, if you try very hard,
As if you were in my service.

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the old are debarred
From the Entrance Exam. to my service.

"The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?"
"Ah, no."
"Then right about face. You're too old, and too
slow
To learn the details of my service."

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A QUESTION

THEY tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

THE REASON

"WHY do they call Commencement so?"
The maid beside me queried,
"Is it that you will leisure know,
By four years' study wearied!"

"Nay, nay, not so," quoth I, "My dear,
'Tis then my work commences,
'Tis then I shape my own career
And — pay my own expenses."

William Porter Niles

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THE MARRYIN' OF DANNY DEEVER

With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"WHAT is the organ playing for?" asked the little maid.
"To make a noise, to make a noise," the dapper usher said.
"Why do you look so sad, so sad?" asked the little maid.
"I've got to see my best friend spliced," the dapper usher said.
"For they're marryin' Danny Deever, you can hear the organ play,
He's given up his freedom, so they've fixed the church up gay,
They're playin' of the weddin' march; this is his weddin' day;
For they're marryin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

"What makes those front-pew folks look round?" asked the little maid.
"They want to see the victim quail," the dapper usher said.
"What makes 'em so excited?" asked the little maid.
"They like to see the noose drawn tight," the dapper usher said.

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"They're marryin' Denny Deever, he's marchin' up the aisle,
The procession is a movin', slow-step in double file;
Danny's feelin' pretty wretched, he wears a frightened smile,
They're a-marryin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

"I knew him when a happy boy," said the little maid,
"His happy days are over," the dapper usher said.
"He used to play from morn to night," said the little maid.
"He won't get much more chance to play," the dapper usher said.
"They're marryin' Danny Deever, he's a-marchin' to his fate,
He can't escape the women; they've struck a solemn gait,
Do what he could to shirk it, he had to fill his date,
They're marryin' Danny Deever in the mornin."

"Why don't he break and run for life?" asked the little maid.
"They'd capture him in no time," the dapper usher said.
"Why don't he send a sick excuse?" asked the little maid.

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"It wouldn't do in this place," the dapper usher said.
"They're marryin' Danny Deever; he's whiter than a sheet,
They've closed on him in front and rear and cut off his retreat,
For fear he'd jump across the pews and rush into the street,
While they're marryin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

"What's that so white a-standing there?" asked the little maid,
"That is the executioner," the dapper usher said.
"What makes him look so serious?" asked the little maid.
"He's dreadin' what he's got to do," the dapper usher said.
They've married Danny Deever, you can hear the organ play,
They're coming down the aisle again, they're marchin' him away,
The minister is waitin'; he'll want his fee to-day,
After marryin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

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AT THE PLAY

IT is the old, old story once again:
The faith of noble men, the strength of woman's passion;
The thwarting of base deeds by loyal hands,
The union of true hearts in the old fashion.

'Tis strange that we can listen to the play,
And feel our hearts grow warm, our eyes grow dim with tears,
In looking at feigned passions, feigned delights,
In musing on the actor's hopes and fears.

But when the curtain falls, and we arise,
And leave the lights and music, the glamour and the glow;
'Tis passing strange our hearts grow cold again
And stir not at another's weal or woe.

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AT WHIST

ACROSS the polished table there
I see her sitting now, her hair,
Her eyes, her dainty fingers, too,
Just as in years agone I knew,
My partner.

I led a heart — I think the king —
It passed around the silent ring,
And though it was the best one out,
She paused a moment, half in doubt,
Then trumped it.

"Oh partner, that was the command,"
She said when she had played the hand,
Then wrinkling up her pretty brow,
"You will forgive me, won't you now,
For trumping?"

Another night, remembered well,
She sat where moon-cast shadows fell.
No polished table lay between;
The tree boughs made a waving screen
Above her.

We talked of other things than whist,
I strove her fancy to enlist
With all a lover's gentle art,
Yet once again I led my heart,
Unguarded.

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I led my heart again, my last;
When round to her the trick had passed
She thought it not the best one out,
So paused a moment, half in doubt,
Then trumped it.

This time no pleading glance I caught,
No trembling lips forgiveness sought,
No eyes with lashes drooping wet,
Told me my partner did regret
To trump it.

Frederick William Newshafer

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ALL IN THE NAME

WHY called they this the month of May?
Of nick-names pray be wary—
For oysters we might eat to-day
Had they but called it Mary.

William Porter Niles

A SENIOR'S PLEA

"DEAR Father: Once you said 'My son
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone!'

Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."

John Curtis Underwood

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A FEARFUL STRAIT

WILL chapel wait
A minute late?
It is my fate
At half-past eight,
Insatiate,
To suffocate
From what I ate.
Procrastinate,
Thou vertebrate,
Who guard'st the gate.
You whom I hate,
With hate so great,
Inveterate,
That here I'll state,
Unless you'll wait
A minute late,
We'll separate
Till half-past eight
Six weeks from date.

Charles Edward Taylor

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HYMN TO THE FLAG

THUNDERS mutter from the distant prairie,
Smothered fires creep within the mine,
From the pent lungs of our steaming cities
Reeling mists arise, an awful sign.

Not for vanity, for ease and folly
Is our fathers' heritage bequeathed,
Teach us, O thou blood-stained, star-bright banner,
Not to lose the spirit that they breathed.

Teach us, while our lives are young before us,
By what they have done what we should do;
Teach us patient courage, faith in freedom,
Teach us to be temperate, wise, and true.

"We are in His hand who brought us over,"
Who hath shaped and fashioned us a race,
Death and darkness shall not overtake us
While the land looks upward to God's face.

Henry Marvin Belden

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FAREWELL SONG.

WE wreathe the cup with a laurel crown,
In its bubbling glee our sighs we drown,
And meet with a smile the world's dark frown,
At Trinity.

Yet breathe a prayer for a bygone day,
And those beloved who have passed away,
Though our hearts shall hold them fast alway,
At Trinity.

God keep us free from the cold of years,
And the faith of our loves from selfish fears,
Lest the cup be dashed from lips with tears,
At Trinity.

And once again lift the glasses high,
And hide the tear that dims each eye,
'Tis a way we have when we say good-by,
At Trinity.

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L'ENVOY

WHERE the cliffs of Brittany
Silent watch the sounding deep,
Sunk in an enchanted sleep,
Lies a city 'neath the sea.

Thence, I have heard peasants telling,
When the moon is hanging low,
And the ocean scarce seems swelling,
In its silent ebb and flow,
Softly, sadly comes a-stealing
Over all the country side,
Sounds of fairy bells a-pealing
In the sainted even-tide
And the soul which learns that music
Lives forever satisfied.

So from life's untroubled ocean,
In our golden even-time,
We shall hear with glad emotion
Echoes ringing—chime on chime;
And our hearts, those sunken cities
Stored with thoughts of former days
Soft shall sing us olden ditties
Of our college life and ways;
And the soul which learns that music
Never longs for newer lays.

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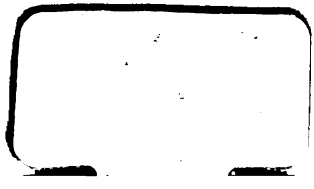

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